

Rich. I no; no; I: for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe,
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vniuersall Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all durtious Oathes,
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forsweare,
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Aids, Decrees, and Statutes I denie;
God pardon all Oathes that are brake to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleasures that hast all achieu'd.
Long mayst thou liue in Richards Seat to sit,
And looke vpon Richard in an Earthe Pit.
God saue King Henry, vn-King'd Richard sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remains?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grievous Crimes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I trauell out
My weau'd vp follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damnd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates
Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowe Crosse;
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here,
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
To vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, nor that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurp'd: atack the heauie day,
That I haue worn so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of Bullingbrooke,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue;

Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie,

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse,

North. Read o're this Paper, while the Glasle doth come.

Rich. Friend, thou tormentest me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vnge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: He reade enough.

When I doe see the very Booke indeede,

Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe:

Enter one with a Glasle.

Giue me that Glasle, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet hath Sorrow strike

And made no deeper Wounds: Oh flattereing Glasle,

Like to my followers in prosperitie,

Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face

That every day, vnder his House-hold Robe,

Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,

That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?

Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follies,

That was at last out-fac'd by Bullingbrooke?

A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,

As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers,

Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,

How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: haile, let's see.

'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,

And these externall manner of Laments,

Are merely shadows, to the vnscene Griefe,

That swells with silence in the torur'd Soule.

There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King

For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st

Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:

For when I was a King, my flatterers

Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,

I haue a King here to my flatterer:

Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all.

That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe

Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,

Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Ann. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot

To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,

You shall not onely take the Sacrament,

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Iulius Cæsars ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Bullingbrooke.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-love Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath hee beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.

Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue,
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:

And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the fencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the depoling of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.

What

You must to Pomfret, not vnto
And Madame, there is order
With all swift speed, you must
Rich. Northumberland, the
The mounting Bullingbrooke
The time shall not be many
More then it is, ere foule sin
Shall breake into corruption
Though he diuide the Realme
It is too little, helping him to
He shall thinke, that thou wilt
To plant vnrightfull Kings,
Being ne're so little vrg'd and
To pluck him headlong from
The Loue of wicked friends
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate
To worthe Danger, and death
North. My guilt be on my
Take leaue, and part, for you
Rich. Doubly diuorc'd?
A two-fold Marriage; 'twix
And then betwixt me, and
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'tw
And yet not so, for with a Ki
Part vs, Northumberland: I, t
Where shiuering Cold and S
My Queene to France: from
She came adorned hither lik
Sent back like Hollowmas, c
Qu. And must we be diu
Rich. I, hand from hand (c
Qu. Banish vs both, and
North. That were some
Qu. Then whither he go
Rich. So two together we
Weepe thou for me in France
Better farre off, then neere, b
Goe, count thy Way with Si
Qu. So longest Way sha
Rich. Twice for one step I
And peece the Way out with
Come, come, in wooing Sorro
Since wedding it, there is fu
One Kisse shall stop our mou
Thus giue I mine, and thus t
Qu. Giue me mine owne
To take on me to keepe, and
So, now I haue mine owne a
That I may strue to kill it w
Rich. We make Woe want
Once more adieu; the rest, lea

Scena Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and

Duch. My Lord, you told
When weeping made you b
Of our two Cousins commin
Yorke. Where did I leaue
Duch. At that sad stopp
Where rude mis-gouern'd h
Threw dust and rubbish on
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